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the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

Kelly
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GRIM HUNT

PART 2

ALSO THIS ISSUE:

KAINE
BY DEMATTEIS & FIUMARA

SPIDEY SUNDAYS
BY STAN LEE & MARCOS MARTIN

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The Amazing Spider-Man

"When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when a tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity."
—George Bernard Shaw

When Sasha Kraven, widow of the famed hunter Sergei Kravinoff, sent her daughter, Ana, to kidnap the psychic known as Madame Web, it was the beginning of a hunt for any and all who wear the mark of the Spider. In subsequent weeks, they kidnapped Mattie Franklin, the former Spider-Woman, and targeted Kaine, Spider-Man's renegade clone.

Kaine went to Peter Parker for help, warning his clone that "they're hunting Spiders." Parker had taken ill, his body finally giving in to the stress caused by a seemingly months-long gauntlet of his worst foes returning to challenge him — foes pushed into action by the Kraven family.

Parker found Arachne (the former Avenger Julia Carpenter) defending herself from Sasha Kraven and her half brother, Alyosha. The two fought off their predators, and returned to Julia's apartment, only to be confronted by Ezekiel, a wall-crawling superhuman thought long dead, who spoke of a war between spiders and hunters.

The Hunters have already claimed first blood — in a ceremony designed to resurrect Kraven's other son, Vladimir, the Kravens sacrificed Mattie Franklin. While Franklin's life gave way for Vladimir, he came back not as a man but a twisted beast, confirming Sasha's theory:

In order to resurrect Kraven the Hunter, they need the life of the one true Spider-Man — blood demands blood!

GRIM HUNT

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"DO YOU REMEMBER THIS FEELING?"

THE *RUSH* AS YOU CLOSE IN ON YOUR PREY...

THE ANTICIPATION?

WE'RE SO VERY CLOSE. SO CLOSE TO HOLDING *HIM* AGAIN...

PAPA WILL BE SO PROUD OF YOU, VLADIMIR. SO PROUD OF *US ALL.*

ALYOSHA...?

MORE.

FIND ME MORE *SPIDERS.* THE HOUR DRAWS NEAR.

BLOOD DEMANDS *BLOOD...*

I WOULD PRAY FOR THE STRENGTH TO RESIST...

...BUT AS I HEAR THE *THING EAT* BEHIND ME, HIS HEART BEATING BECAUSE OF MY *DEAD FRIEND...*

...I KNOW THAT NO ONE WOULD LISTEN EVEN IF I TRIED.

DON'T THROW UP. THROWING UP INSIDE OF THE MASK IS BAD.

BUT GOD, THE SMELL OF HIM.

SPIDER-MAN? PLEASE DON'T PASS OUT... PLEASE--

YOU SEE HIM, RIGHT? PLEASE TELL ME YOU SEE HIM AND I'M NOT CRAZY.

I WISH I *ONLY* SAW HIM...

APOLOGIES. I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SHOWER ON THE WAY BACK FROM *HELL*...I'M ON A TIGHT *SCHEDULE.*

THE *HUNTERS ARE COMING,* AND IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER...

...I WON'T BE THE *ONLY ONE COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD TONIGHT.*

EZEKIEL.

FOR A WHILE, HE WAS A MENTOR. A FRIEND. THEN A *TRAITOR*...

...AND FINALLY A *SAVIOR* WHO SACRIFICED HIMSELF TO SAVE ME.

I BURIED HIM. HENCE THE SMELL.

WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

the GRIM HUNT
chapter 2

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dedicated to J.M DEMATTEIS and MIKE ZECK

H-- HOW?

I'LL TRY TO KEEP IT SIMPLE... I KNOW THAT YOU DON'T *BELIEVE* IN THE THE *SPIRITUAL SIDE* OF YOUR POWER--

YEAH, WELL RIGHT NOW YOU'RE MAKING A REALLY STRONG CASE FOR IT...STANDING THERE AND LEAKING SPIDERS ALL OVER THE PLACE...

TRUST ME, I DIDN'T VOLUNTEER.

BUT *HER CHILDREN* ARE BEING HUNTED... SO SHE SENT ME BACK THROUGH THE *UNSEEN PLACES* TO WARN YOU.

BACKSTORY. NOW.

THE IDEA IS THAT ALL OF THE "SPIDERS" LIKE YOU AND ME AND HIM WERE CHOSEN BY A BIG OL' SPIDER-GODDESS...

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

JULIA...WE'RE TALKING TO A REANIMATED CORPSE.

IT'S TIME TO TAKE A FEW THINGS ON FAITH.

"THE ANIMUS. PRIMAL ENERGIES OF THE WORLD... SERGEI KRAVINOFF, 'KRAVEN THE HUNTER' AS YOU CALLED HIM, WAS CONNECTED TO THE SPIRIT WORLD IN A PROFOUND WAY-- THROUGH DARK MAGIC...

THAT CONNECTION DROVE HIM TO MADNESS, AND THE BELIEF THAT THE ONLY WAY TO TRULY BEAT YOU WAS TO BECOME YOU--

--AFTER WHICH HE TOOK HIS OWN LIFE. THE LAST HUNT.

THANKS FOR THE DRAG DOWN MEMORY LANE, BUT I WAS THERE.

YOU DON'T FORGET BEING BURIED ALIVE.

THE SORT OF CONNECTION THAT KRAVEN HAD TO THE UNSEEN PLACES DOES NOT END WHEN THE FLESH DIES.

SASHA KRAVINOFF KNOWS THIS...AND ARMED WITH THE TRUTH, SHE BEGAN PLOTTING HER CAMPAIGN AGAINST YOU...AGAINST SPIDERS.

YOU MUST HAVE FELT IT, SPIDER-MAN... THE PUMMELING YOU'VE TAKEN OVER THESE PAST WEEKS...

WEAKENING YOU...PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY, SPIRITUALLY...TO PRIME YOU FOR THIS GRIM HUNT.

HUNT ME AND THEN WHAT?

BUILD A GALLOWS FROM THE BODIES OF OUR "SPIDER-BROTHERS AND SISTERS"...

TWIST THE WEB THAT BINDS US INTO A NOOSE AROUND YOUR NECK...

BECAUSE BLOOD DEMANDS BLOOD...AND ONLY A GREAT SACRIFICE WILL UNLEASH ENOUGH POWER TO BRING SERGEI KRAVINOFF BACK FROM THE DEAD.

SO PEOPLE... PEOPLE ARE BEING HUNTED...BECAUSE OF ME?

NOT "PEOPLE." SPIDERS...

HUNTED AND KILLED. MATTIE FRANKLIN IS DEAD. MADAME WEB IS ALIVE ONLY BECAUSE OF WHAT SHE CAN SEE--

NO...

KAINE MAY NOT SURVIVE... AND THERE ARE MORE--

NO. NO MORE. DO YOU KNOW WHO'S NEXT?

I CAME TO HELP YOU BUILD AN ARMY...YOU'LL HAVE TO LET GO OF--

WHO IS NEXT?

Alphabet City.

THE APARTMENT OF PETER PARKER AND MICHELE GONZALES.

PARKER!

ARE YOU DEAD YET?

IF NOT, I BROUGHT YOU SOME TEA AND CHICKEN SOUP IF YOU DRAG YOUR UNEMPLOYED BUTT--

--OFF THE COUCH...?

YOU CLEANED UP. SOMEONE'S FEELING BETTER... OR THE FEVER GOT TO HIS BRAIN...

YOU REALLY MUST BE SICK, KID. AFTER *MONTHS* OF MY RAGGING ON YOU, YOU DECIDE TO SHOVEL UP YOUR UNDERWEAR PILE AS I'M GOING *OUT OF TOWN?*

PETE?

OOOOH KAY?

AÑYA CORAZON IS *SPECIAL*. SHE DIDN'T FALL INTO THE *WEB* LIKE SO MANY OTHERS...NOT EVEN *HIM*...

SHE TRULY WAS *CHOSEN*, FOR A DESTINY I CANNOT FORESEE...

WHOEVER YOU ARE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS--

--BUT WHY DON'T YOU STOP ACTING LIKE A CHICKEN AND JUST FACE ME ALREADY?

...ONE SHE MAY NOT LIVE TO FULFILL.

SHE IS RECKLESS. FEARLESS. BEAUTIFUL IN HER FLAWS. BUT SHE'S SO YOUNG...

...IT'S A MIRACLE SHE SURVIVED THIS LONG.

GRRRRRRRR

I TAKE IT BACK.

IT WAS BETTER WHEN YOU WERE JUST THROWING THINGS AT ME.

GWRAWRRRR!

HOLY--!

WHO ARE YOU?

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

JUST SOME BLOOD, LITTLE SISTER--

NNGH

MOVE IT, SPIDER-GIRL!

NO!

DUDE, IT'S ARAÑA--

NO TIME! JUST--

GRRRRRRRRR

RUN!

GRWARR!

SANTA MARIA...

DOOM DOOM DOOM

THE *DRUMS* AGAIN. SMELL OF *FRESH EARTH. FEVER...*

IF I WASN'T IN SO MUCH PAIN I'D THINK I WAS GOING INSANE.

MARDOOOOW

KRAKKT

S'OKAY... JULIA'S HERE. SHE'S GOT OUR BACKS--

UM, SPIDEY? YOU GOT YOUR GENDERS BENT.

AND JUST LIKE THAT... I *KNOW* I'M GOING INSANE.

BECAUSE I'M WATCHING *MYSELF* FIGHT THAT CRAZY SIDESHOW ESCAPEE.

LOOK WHO WANTS TO BE A REAL BOY!

KAINE... I...

MYSELF...MY *CLONE*...KAINE. THIS NIGHT GETS MORE *SURREAL* BY THE SECOND.

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YOU IDIOT! MOVE!

GWRARRRR!

WHAT HE SAID!!

RAAAAR!

OKAY, CYNICISM ON PAUSE...THE ZOMBIE WAS RIGHT.

GO... GO....

I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME A HELL OF A STORY IF WE SURVIVE THIS.

YOU WON'T.

HNNGH

SKLITCH

AAAAGH!

I GOT THIS.

SHRIIIP

NO, ARAÑA! RUN!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, LITTLE WOODEN BOY?

WE HAVE WRITTEN THE FUTURE ALREADY! DON'T YOU WANT TO LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER?

I'M GONNA RIP OUT YOUR TONGUE BEFORE THIS IS OVER, GIRL.

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

PSYCHIC WEBBING ISN'T EXACTLY WORKING HERE--ANY SUGGESTIONS?!

GRAAAAR!

JULIA...NO... TOLD YOU TO HANG BACK...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE, CHAKA--

BUT I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON HANGING ON TO THAT LOOK UNTIL IT CAME BACK INTO STYLE.

YOU'RE *NEW*, AREN'T YOU?

DON'T MESS AROUND... SERIOUS--

=KAFF!=

FFFFFFT

I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU SOME RESPECT BEFORE VLADIMIR GETS YOU.

WE HAVE WHAT WE CAME FOR, KRAVINOFFS!

LET HER GO!

THWOK

NNNGN!

SCREW THIS.

YOU'RE BURNING UP. WHAT THE HELL DID THEY DO TO YOU?

NO TIME... GETTING AWAY... NO...

NO MORE BLOOD... SPIDERS... THEY'RE KILLING SPIDERS... HAVE TO...

I TASTE YOUR FEAR FROM HERE, SPYDER!

KNOW THAT YOU DIE TONIGHT, BATHED IN THE BLOOD OF YOUR CLAN BEFORE YOUR SACRIFICE!

KNOW THIS!

COME BACK--!

STOP. YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION--

LET GO! IT'S BECAUSE OF ME! ALL OF THIS IS BECAUSE OF ME--

SO WHAT?

"SO WHAT?"

THEY'RE NOT YOUR REAL *FAMILY*, PETER. THEY'RE JUST *BAIT*. AND IF YOU TRY TO HELP THEM, YOU'LL WIND UP *DEAD*.

THE KRAVENS HAVE *MADAME WEB*. THAT MEANS THEY HAVE THE *FUTURE*. ALL THE ANGLES HAVE BEEN FIGURED.

PLAYED ME LIKE A DAMN VIOLIN..."*THEY'RE HUNTING SPIDERS.*" IF I HADN'T COME TO YOU--

BUT YOU *DID*. YOU DID BECAUSE WE'RE *CONNECTED*.

BULL. I DID IT BECAUSE I WAS BLEEDING OUT AND THEY KNEW I WAS A COWARD.

YOU KNOW I *HATE YOU*. I HATE EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU, BUT FOR ONCE...LISTEN TO ME.

GUILT HAS *ALWAYS* BEEN YOUR ACHILLES HEEL, PETER. AND THIS TIME IT WILL GET YOU *KILLED*.

THEY TOOK THIS FIGHT TO US. WE HAVE TO FINISH IT. HELP THE OTHERS--

I'M STRONGER THAN YOU IN EVERY WAY AND THEY *STILL* TORE ME A NEW ONE--*WITHOUT* THE FREAKIN' LION-THING...

I OWE YOU BECAUSE YOU SAVED ME. GOOD ADVICE IS THE ONLY CURRENCY I HAVE.

SHHHT

I'VE *FOUGHT* THE FATHER. THE WHOLE *BLOODLINE* IS OUT OF THEIR MINDS OVER YOU. THEY WILL *NEVER* GIVE UP THIS *HUNT*...

...NOT UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD. YOU *CAN'T WIN* THIS FIGHT.

RUN.

RUN AND SCREW THE REST.

KRAKT!

I KNOW YOU'VE HAD A CRAPPY LIFE, AND DONE BAD THINGS, I GET IT...BUT I NEVER REALIZED WHAT A PIECE OF GARBAGE YOU WERE UNTIL THIS MOMENT.

HOW CAN YOU SHARE MY DNA AND BE SO *DAMN SELFISH?*

WE'VE ALL BEEN HURT! WE'VE ALL SUFFERED! BUT THE *REAL* DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US IS THAT I *NEVER* USED IT AS A *CRUTCH*.

YOU CALL IT "*GUILT*"...I CALL IT ***RESPONSIBILITY***, AND BY GOD, EVEN IF IT MEANS WALKING INTO THE LION'S DEN AND NOT COMING OUT...

...I'M NOT GOING TO STAND BY AND *LET* PEOPLE *DIE* TO SAVE MYSELF.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, I'M ENDING THIS TONIGHT.

THEN WE'D BETTER GET GOING.

UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO KEEP SOLILOQUIZING IN THE RAIN...

I'LL WAIT.

WHERE DID THEY TAKE THEM--?

FORGIVE ME, BUT YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO DO THIS ALONE AND I'M HARDLY MORE THAN A GHOST...

WE NEED MORE SPIDERS, AND I KNOW WHERE TO FIND TWO OF THE STRONGEST.

THE "***TWIN MONSTERS.***" ***VENOM*** AND ***ANTI-VENOM.***

THAT'S THE BEST INSANE IDEA I'VE HEARD ALL NIGHT. WHERE?

FOLLOW ME.

Fifteen Miles North of New York City...

"...SO ALL OF IT, THIS WHOLE *GAUNTLET* I'VE BEEN RUNNING--

INFLUENCED BY SASHA KRAVEN THANKS TO MADAME WEB'S HELP.

IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER, THE FORTUNE TELLER ENDURED *INTENSE* TORTURE BEFORE FINALLY SUCCUMBING...

IT DOESN'T.

SO THIS MAMA KRAVEN LADY'S GOT ALL OF THOSE GUYS IN HER POCKET?

NOT ALL. WITH A FEW SHE STRUCK DEALS, BUT REMEMBER, THIS IS ABOUT *FAMILY*.

SHE USED CASSANDRA'S FORESIGHT TO NUDGE THEM...OR YOU...TO TANGLE THE WEB, SO TO SPEAK.

SHE HATES TO *SULLY* HERSELF WITH THOSE BENEATH HER.

IT'S BAD FORM TO TALK LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF THE HELP, DIMITRI.

NO.

SORRY, PAL... "IN THIS ECONOMY" YOU TAKE WHAT YOU CAN GET...

AND I GOT A LOT.

"SPIDER GODDESS RETURNED ME FROM THE GRAVE TO HELP YOU..."

HOW DOES THAT SUBHUMAN FRAME OF YOURS SUPPORT SUCH EGO?

LET'S NOT FORGET A HELL OF A PERFORMANCE.

PLEASURE WORKING WITH YOU, MYSTERIO.

LIKEWISE, CHAMELEON. WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

NOW..?

WALKED RIGHT INTO IT...HEH...

RIGHT INTO THE WEB...

DOOM

DOOM

NOW WE FINISH.

NOW WE HUNT.

DOOM DOOM DOOM

DOOM

RUN, SPYDER. RUN.

MADNESS. MADNESS TAKES HIM.

INDUCED BY DRUGS AND FEVER AND THE WEEKS OF PAIN THAT I DELIVERED UNTO HIM...

BUT STILL...

JULIA! ARAÑA! I--

I'M COMING...

DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM DOOM

MERCIFUL HEAVEN... HE FIGHTS ON.

HE'S ALREADY OUT OF SIGHT... WHY ARE WE GIVING HIM SUCH A LONG HEAD START?

MY PRECIOUS... YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT...

FEAR MAKES THE BLOOD MORE *POTENT*...

"...FILLS IT WITH THE *NUTRIENTS* YOUR FATHER WILL NEED."

NNNGH!

DOOM DOOM DOOM

Nooooooo!

TAKE HIM.

SPYDER SPYDER DIES TONIGHT...

GIVE IT A REST, YOU TWISTED ABOMINATION. THIS ISN'T A GAME.

...CLIP THE WEB AND SNUFF THE LIGHT...

THE *WOUNDED* ANIMAL IS ALL THE MORE DANGEROUS--

KRSHH

KTHOK

DAMN STRAIGHT!

YOU SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE.

SILLY SPYDER...

...WHERE WOULD THE FUN HAVE BEEN IN THAT?

FOR "TRAINED KILLERS," YOU CRAZY IDIOTS TALK TOO MUCH.

KLOK

NO ONE ELSE DIES TONIGHT EXCEPT FOR *LOUD MOUTH HUNTERS--*

KABLAM!

THIS IS THE GUN MY HUSBAND *KILLED HIMSELF* WITH...IT CARRIES HIS *REGRET*.

IT IS ALSO THE LAST THING HE EVER TOUCHED...

PRECIOUS.

BLAMMM

NO!!

LEAVE ME! PLEASE...YOU CANNOT SAVE ME AND YOURSELF. YOU--

I DO NOT DESERVE TO BE SAVED.

MAKES TWO OF US.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? YOU...

YOU *HOLD* THE WEB TOGETHER.

WHEN THE WEB IS STRONG...

...THE *WORLD* IS STRONG. DON'T YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW...

...SPECIAL YOU ARE?

NO... NOT UNTIL TONIGHT...

...IT WAS NICE...

...TO SEE WHAT IT WAS LIKE.

SPIDER-MAN!!!

SKRTCHH

SPYDER, SPYDER, FEEL SURPRISE--

--THE WEB IS CUT BEFORE YOUR EYES.

FROM ALL DIMENSIONS FRONT AND BACK... YOUR EYES LONG FOR RELIEF YOU LACK.

YOU KNOW WHAT, ANA...HE'S RIGHT...

THNKT

SKLTCHH

YOU DO TALK TOO MUCH.

HNNNNG

LOSE IT ALL...FALL TO BLACK.

HERE.

ON BEHALF OF MY FAMILY, I THANK YOU FOR YOUR SACRIFICE, SPYDER...

...AND CONDEMN YOUR SOUL TO THE HELL RESERVED FOR COWARDS AND ANIMALS.

I HAVE HEARD MEN DIE BEFORE...BUT NOT LIKE THIS.

LIFE DOES NOT LEAVE HIM IN A BUBBLING DEATH RATTLE...A BLOOD-CHOCKED LAST GASP...

HE SCREAMS WITH EVERY FIBER OF HIS BEING.

IT IS THE SOUND OF *PURE REGRET*. THE CRY OF *WHAT COULD-HAVE-BEEN.*

IT IS THE SADDEST SOUND I WILL EVER HEAR IN MY LIFE.

COME BACK TO US...

YOUR FAMILY CALLS YOU...

YOUR FAMILY NEEDS YOU.

SERGEI...

COME BACK TO ME, MY LOVE!

COME BACK TO ME, HUNTER! KING OF LIONS AND EMPEROR OF THE WILD!

KRAVEN THE HUNTER! YOU ARE *REBORN!*

Next: Kraven Rex

EVERY NIGHT I GO TO BED ASKING *GOD* TO *TAKE* ME--

--AND EVERY MORNING I WAKE UP *THANKING* HIM FOR THE CHANCE TO SEE *ANOTHER* DAY.

I LET THE OLD LADY RAMBLE. I DON'T KNOW WHY.

GUESS IT'S THE PRICE I PAY FOR DIRT-CHEAP RENT AND FREE MEALS

HELL OF A WAY TO LIVE, *MRS. O.*

WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO I *HAVE?*

MY HUSBAND DIED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, *KAINE.* I THOUGHT FOR SURE I WOULDN'T MAKE IT *SIX MONTHS* WITHOUT HIM. YET HERE I *AM.*

SO I TRY TO MAKE THE *BEST* OF IT.

THE *BEST* OF IT?

LIVING IN A RAT-HOLE. NO FRIENDS IN THE WORLD. SO LONELY SHE WASTES HER TIME--AND *MINE*--ON THESE USELESS CONVERSATIONS.

IF THIS IS "*THE BEST OF IT*," I'D HATE TO SEE THE *WORST.*

GOTTA *GO,* MRS. O.

SO *SOON?*

GOT AN *APPOINTMENT.*

A JOB?

MAYBE.

WILL YOU STOP IN AND SEE ME WHEN YOU GET *HOME?*

MIGHT BE PRETTY *LATE.*

THAT'S *OKAY.*

I HARDLY SLEEP AT *ALL* THESE DAYS.

NEITHER DO I

HATED LYING TO THE OLD LADY, BUT I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE ALL HER YAMMERING MADE MY *HEAD* EXPLODE.

ANYWAY, I WASN'T REALLY LYING: I *DO* HAVE AN APPOINTMENT. JUST SO HAPPENS IT'S WITH A WHISKEY BOTTLE.

AND I DO HAVE A *JOB* LINED UP. MAYBE. IF I DECIDE TO TAKE *DENTON'S* OFFER. AND I GUESS I SHOULD.

BEEN HERE IN CHICAGO FOR ALMOST THREE MONTHS NOW. THAT'S A LIFETIME FOR ME.

THE *ROAD'S* WHERE I BELONG--BUT I'M RUNNING OUT OF MONEY. AND MONEY'S ONE THING DENTON HAS. IN SPADES.

BUT TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT CASH, I'VE GOT TO GO AFTER *KRAVINOFF*.

"*KRAVEN, THE HUNTER*" HE CALLS HIMSELF. MORONIC NAME.

BUT I GUESS HE'S NO DIFFERENT FROM ALL THE REST OF THOSE RIDICULOUS, COSTUMED EGOTISTS: *FANTASTIC FOUR, DOCTOR OCTOPUS, DAREDEVIL, MAGNETO--*

SPIDER-MAN.

DO I REALLY NEED TO GET INVOLVED WITH ONE OF *HIS* OLD ENEMIES? *PARKER* MAY LIKE MIXING IT UP WITH A MENTAL CASE WHO HAS A TARZAN FIXATION, BUT ME...

...I LIVE IN THE *REAL WORLD*.

WELL, AS REAL AS IT CAN BE FOR A GUY WHO WAS BORN IN A TEST TUBE. AN *IMPERFECT CLONE*...

HEY...HEY, *BEAUTIFUL*--

...CREATED FROM PARKER'S *DNA*.

SO I THINK I'LL PASS ON DENTON'S OFFER. PLENTY OF OTHER WAYS FOR A MAN LIKE ME TO MAKE MONEY...

MIND IF I SHOW YOU HOW IT'S *DONE*?

FEEL *FREE*.

IN A TOWN LIKE THIS...

"MERCHANDISE"? THIS GUY *OWN* YOU, BEAUTIFUL?

GET YOUR HANDS OFF THE *MERCHANDISE.*

LIKE *HELL* HE DOES!

THEN, WITH ALL *DUE RESPECT,* JACK--GO *SCREW* YOURSELF.

YOU DON'T LIKE *LIVIN'* VERY MUCH, DO YOU?

ACTUALLY... I *HATE* IT.

IN FACT, IF YOU *KILLED* ME...YOU'D BE DOING ME A *FAVOR.* BUT LET ME BE CLEAR ABOUT *ONE THING:*

I'M NOT GOING DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT.

THE MAN WHO TAKES *ME* OUT--

KAAASSH!!

--HAS GOT TO *EARN* IT.

HOLY CRAP.

AYEEEEE--!

NOW WHERE *WERE* WE? OH, YEAH--

--I WAS GOING TO *TEACH* YOU SOME THINGS...

OUT OF MY *BAR--*

--NOW!

HEY, LISTEN--I DIDN'T COME IN HERE FOR TROUBLE...I JUST CAME TO DRINK.

SO HOW ABOUT I GO BACK TO MY TABLE, FINISH OFF THE LAST BOTTLE AND--

I SAID GET THE HELL OUT.

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU...BUT I'M NOT GOING--

--ANYWHERE...

NO. NOT NOW.

NOT

ARRRRRRR---!!

...NOW!

MIND SPLITS OPEN...A DOOR OPENS WITH IT...

...AND I SEE

AN UNTOLD TALE OF KRAVEN THE HUNTER

HUNTING THE HUNTER

PART TWO: A PROPHECY

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GALE, KELLY, SLOTT, VAN LENTE, WAID & WELLS WEB-HEADS

I

SEE

KRAAAK

WHAT I HAVE TO DO. WHERE I HAVE TO GO.

HELLUVA THING, THESE *PRE-COG VISIONS*. NEVER REALLY SURE IF WHAT THEY SHOW ME IS ACCURATE

THANKS FER THE SHOW, PAL!

BUT THIS ONE.

...DIDN'T LEAVE A LOT OF ROOM FOR *AMBIGUITY*

MRS. O...?

SO I CALL DENTON, TELL HIM I'M IN--THEN HEAD BACK TO THE HOUSE TO GRAB WHAT FEW POSSESSIONS I HAVE.

...AND LET MRS. O'BRIEN KNOW I'M LEAVING

MRS. O... ARE YOU--?

NOT SURE WHY I EVEN BOTHER. SHE'S AN ANNOYING, HALF-CRAZY OLD BAT. BUT SHE'S SHOWN ME *KINDNESS*

AND THAT'S A DAMN PRECIOUS COMMODITY.

...IN THIS WRETCHED WORLD

HA-HA-HA-HA!!

WELL, MRS. O

...GUESS YOUR GOD FINALLY GAVE YOU WHAT YOU WANTED

AND MAYBE...

...HE'LL DO THE SAME FOR *ME*.

OR AT LEAST-- *KRAVINOFF* WILL.

IS THE PROPHECY *TRUE*, HUNTER? ARE YOU THE ONE WHO'LL FINALLY PUT ME OUT OF MY MISERY?

HE'S AN INTERESTING CASE, I'LL GIVE HIM THAT. CLAIMS TO BE THE DESCENDANT OF RUSSIAN *ROYALTY*...AND HE LIVES LIKE IT, TOO.

HOUSES ALL OVER THE WORLD. WOMEN IN EVERY CITY. A FORTUNE THAT NEVER SEEMS TO RUN OUT.

BUT UNDER THE SKIN... THERE'S *PAIN*. AND IT RUNS *DEEP*. HE TRIES TO HIDE IT BENEATH FANCY SUITS AND PROUD TALK. BUT HE'S AN *ANIMAL*, OUR SERGEI IS:

WOUNDED AND ANGRY.

GUESS THAT'S WHY HE MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS A BIG GAME HUNTER. HE NEEDED SOMEPLACE TO FOCUS HIS RAGE. NOTHING LIKE SLAUGHTERING INNOCENT CREATURES TO MAKE A MAN FEEL *BETTER* ABOUT HIMSELF

SSKAAASH!

LET'S FIND OUT

NO JUDGMENT, KRAVEN.

I'VE BEEN THERE *MYSELF*

SO THE WEEKS PASS AND I TRACK HIM HERE UPSTATE NEW YORK. A TWO-HUNDRED-ACRE ESTATE.

A MANSION THAT'S MORE LIKE A *CZAR'S FORTRESS* BUT WHERE...

...ARE THE *GUARDS?*

CLICK

GOOD EVENING, KAINE.

MY NAME IS *MR. MWANGA.* I AM SERGEI KRAVINOFF'S *PERSONAL ASSISTANT.*

"PERSONAL ASSISTANT"? IS *THAT* WHAT THEY'RE CALLING IT NOW?

I RESENT YOUR *TONE*... AND YOUR *INFERENCE.*

LOOK, YOU WANT TO CARRY JUNGLE JIM'S WATER, THAT'S *YOUR* BUSINESS. BUT I THOUGHT THOSE DAYS WERE *LONG GONE.*

MR. MWANGA IS MY *DEAREST* FRIEND...AND *CLOSEST* CONFIDANT.

I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE HE WAS AN ORPHAN...FOUR YEARS OLD...BEGGING ON THE STREETS OF NAIROBI. WITH MY ASSISTANCE, MWANGA WENT ON TO STUDY LITERATURE AT OXFORD.

HE'S WRITTEN THREE BOOKS ON *WILLIAM BLAKE*--

--INCLUDING A BIOGRAPHY THAT MOST SCHOLARS CONSIDER ***DEFINITIVE.***

AN ***EDUCATED*** SLAVE--IS STILL A ***SLAVE.***

YOU ***MISUNDERSTAND*** ME, KAINE. JUST AS YOU CLEARLY UNDERESTIMATE ME.

DID YOU REALLY THINK I WOULDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ***STALKING*** ME? DID YOU REALLY THINK--

--YOU COULD ***HUNT THE HUNTER?***

I ***FIGURED*** YOU WERE ON TO ME.

BUT ***STILL*** YOU CAME. MR. DENTON MUST BE PAYING YOU QUITE ***WELL.***

YOU SHOULD ***KNOW.*** AFTER ALL-- HE HIRED ***YOU*** FIRST. AND IS HE EVER ***PISSED OFF.***

HAVE A ***DRINK,*** KAINE--

--AND ***LET'S TALK.***

I'M HERE TO ***KILL*** YOU. WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO ***SAY?***

AND WHAT IF I GAVE YOU ***DOUBLE*** WHAT DENTON IS PAYING YOU? WOULD YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT ***THAT?***

I'D ASK ***WHY--***

BECAUSE SERGEI KRAVINOFF DOESN'T EMBRACE ***VIOLENCE*** AS AN END IN ***ITSELF--***

--AND I SUSPECT ***YOU*** DON'T, EITHER.

SO WHY DANCE LIKE A PUPPET...ON STRINGS CONTROLLED BY ***LESSER*** MEN? TAKE THE MONEY AND GO.

AND IF I ***DON'T...?***

I WILL MOST ***CERTAINLY*** KILL YOU. AN OUTCOME I'M HOPING TO ***AVOID.***

SKRAWWWW

I'VE ***STUDIED*** YOU, KAINE--AS YOU HAVE CLEARLY STUDIED ***ME.*** YOUR ***ORIGINS*** ARE SHROUDED IN MYSTERY. BUT YOUR ***SOUL...*** YOUR SOUL MIRRORS MY ***OWN.***

ONE COULD ALMOST SAY THAT WE'RE--

--BROTHERS...!

ONE SECOND--AND THE CONFIDENCE BLEEDS FROM HIS VOICE. THE COLOR DRAINS FROM HIS CHEEKS. IT'S AS IF HE'S ***SEEING*** SOMETHING IN ME...

...THAT HE DIDN'T SEE *BEFORE.*

YOU THINK WE'RE BROTHERS, KRAVEN? SORRY. I ALREADY HAVE TWO-- AND I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'D HATE BOTH OF THEM.

GOD KNOWS I DO.

BUT-- *WHAT?*

AS FOR MY *SOUL*--

I DON'T *HAVE* ONE.

DOESN'T MATTER. HE'S RATTLED NOW. AFRAID.

I'M JUST A RANDOM MASS OF CELLS AND ORGANS, BLOOD AND MUSCLES. *SPITE AND LOATHING.*

AND I'M GOING TO USE THAT FEAR *AGAINST* HIM. TAKE THE GREAT HUNTER DOWN...

OH...AND ONE *OTHER* THING: *YOU* MAY NOT EMBRACE VIOLENCE AS AN END IN ITSELF--

--BUT I *DO.* SO YOU CAN *KEEP* YOUR MONEY...AND PUT IT TOWARD A NICE FUNER--

SHRIPPP

...BEFORE HE EVEN *REALIZES IT.*

Next: WAR!

LAST ISSUE, THE FIEND KNOWN AS **BRAIN** USED HIS NANO-COLLIDER (PATENT PENDING) TO TAKE HIM TO THE DIMENSION OF COMICS WITH HIS MORONIC HENCHMAN **BULL**! NOW, AS THE FIRST TWO HUMANS EVER TO ENTER THE COMIC BOOK WORLD, THE FIRST PERSON THEY SEE IS---

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

BY STAN LEE & MARCOS MARTIN

THERE'S SPIDER-MAN!

COLORS BY VICENTE/LETTERS BY VC'S JOE C.

FOLLOW HIM, YOU DAWDLING NINCOMPOOP, BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

OOOOH, BRAIN! AIN'T "POOP" A BAD WORD?

HE'S SWINGING INTO THE **BAXTER BUILDING!**

MAYBE HE'S GONNA FIGHT THE FANTASTIC FOUR!

THEY'RE **SUPER HEROES,** YOU NEANDERTHAL! WHY WOULD THEY FIGHT?

I DUNNO-- TO KEEP IN PRACTICE?

IT'S **SPIDER-MAN!**

THANKS, PIPSQUEAK! WE'D NEVER'VE KNOWN!

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

DR. RICHARDS, I NEED HELP!

NO PROBLEM. THE **RED CROSS** IS JUST DOWN THE STREET!

IS SOMETHING WRONG?

YEAH, THERE'S ONE SUPER HERO TOO MANY HERE!

THAT'S **TWO,** COUNTIN' **YOU,** HOT PANTS!

GLAD I FOUND A HELICOPTER FOR RENT!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE!

WOW, BRAIN, WHO KNEW YA COULD FLY A CHOPPER?

WE'RE IN **COMICS,** DUMBO! I CAN DO ANYTHING!

Y'SEE, MY DIGITAL ACCELERATOR IS PARTIALLY ACTIVATED BY A CELLULAR TRANSMUTATION WHICH DOESN'T COMPENSATE FOR ITS ELECTRONIC MALFEASANCE!

IT'S OBVIOUS! SIMPLY READJUST THE FRAMMISTAT TO THE PROPER MOLECULAR SYNCHRONISM!

WOW! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT?

BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT **MR. FANTASTIC!**

AH **HA!! NOW** I KNOW WHAT HE WANTS TO CREATE!

AND PERHAPS WE WILL, TOO, IF WE'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE BEFORE IT'S SOLD OUT!

the AMAZING SPIDER-MAIL

TOM BRENNAN — ASST. EDITOR
STEPHEN WACKER — EDITOR
TOM BREVOORT — EXECUTIVE EDITOR
JOE QUESADA — EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE — EXEC. PRODUCER

This was a big one, folks ...the return of Kraven the Hunter. As mentioned previously in this space, we're walking in some pretty big shoes with every issue of Amazing Spider-Man, but few of those shoes are harder to fill than the work of J.M. DeMatteis, Mike Zeck and Bob McLeod (have I pushed the shoe metaphor enough yet? No? Hold your tongue, Buster Brown!).

The story of the Hunter's return is just beginning and it's going to be a wild ride.

Now on to your mail:

Dear Steve,

Quick question. In #627, are Peter and Carlie eating at the restaurant from Seinfeld? If so, I love it!

Until Mary Jane starts dating ... Newman...Make mine Marvel!

Brent Alexander
Carbondale, IL

Indeed it is, Brent. Though that restaurant is a real place in New York called Tom's Restaurant and it's right in the Morningside Heights section of Manhattan. Come on up for a big salad sometime and tell them, "Steve sent me!"

(Of course they won't know what you're talking about and are probably sick of the "big salad" gag, so you'll probably get yelled out of the place and thrown out into the street like a bum.

Come to think of it, I can't think of a better way to get a real New York experience.)

My dearest Steve Wacker and Marcos Martín,

I, too, have been reading your letter columns, and I can't resist the chance to pipe up and beg to join your burgeoning club. Because I want to throw in my lot as one who remembers and absolutely lov-v-v-v-v-v-v-v-ves CONDORMAN. How could anybody erase from their mind the gleaming, glistening whiteness of Michael Crawford's gigantic and oft-exposed teeth? And I suffer through every day livid with frustration that the movie doesn't hold pride of place in the otherwise ample library of Netflix.

I say we throw ourselves a viewing party. I'll bring the popcorn and candy; Steve, you can bring soda and the movie; and Marcos will supply his Barcelona home for the location. Two weeks from this Friday? It's a date!

Yours in Woody Wilkins,

Alejandro Arbona
Assistant Editor
Marvel Comics

Alejandro, as assistant editor of *Invincible Iron Man,* you have shown plenty of futurist thinking that will inevitably lead to *Condorman Crossroads*...where one road leads to *Condorman* and the other to the *Unidentified Flying Oddball*...which road will you take?

The good news is that now that you are free of the malevolent mindgames of Ralph Macchio's office and joining the Wacker-verse (along with Iron Man), we are one step closer to walking this road together. (I'd like to leave Marcos behind if you don't mind... he walks too fast for me)

Hey guys,

Just started reading comics again for the first time since my early teens; being in my late 20's, I didn't really know where to start as I had missed quite a bit but decided to start off reading my favorite web-slinger back at issue #612 and haven't missed one since. Great job guys you've got me hooked once again!!!

Also picked up Peter Parker #1 a few days ago, which I think I will be reading regularly as well; just one question though: was Michelle getting their apartment painted "perky periwinkle" as Peter refers to it or "perky peach" as Michelle refers to it? Does this qualify me for one of these no prize things I keep reading about?

Jay Taylor
N.B. Canada

Jay, you are absolutely right. We blew the "periwinkle" reference—much to the constant consternation of writer Bob Gale, who let us have it! A reminder to everyone though, to earn a coveted "No-Prize," you need to also supply an answer as to why the mistake wasn't really a mistake. It's all about making sure your editor doesn't look like a dope (which is pretty much Brennan's job description).

Hey guys,

Spidey is as good as it has ever been for me right now, but there is one nagging question I have: how come you guys always refer to organized crime as "the Maggia"?

Allister Cave
Vancouver, BC

This is the place where questions are answered, Allister, so to that end I went to the oldest man in comics, former Invincible Iron Man editor Ralph Macchio for the answer. Ralph crawled out from behind his New York Post long enough to tell his assistant to type up and answer:

We call it the Maggia because if we really called it the Mafia (my family) Mr. Wacker would get whacked. Luckily, I've been able to keep my relatives at bay, but I can't promise anything if you cross the line.

And when you run this question in the letter column, Steverino, you must make lots of Italian jokes at my expense or things will get tough at that no-show job down in Jersey City.

Good one, Ralph. You always were a funny guy (as in Ha-Ha).

Hey, thanks for that invite to the party down in the 10th floor meeting room. I can't believe I'm getting promoted!

Hey, wait a sec...there's no party here---

Sorry, folks, Steve Wacker had to disappear for a bit. Read Thor!

Viva Me!
Ralph Macchio
6/2/10

This week's covers by Gabrielle Dell'Otto and Mike Fyles.

Hey, did I mention I used to write Marvel Two-In-One?

NEXT!

OH--AND IN TWO WEEKS...

Send e-mail to
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
(please mark as OKAY TO PRINT)